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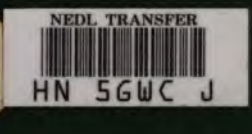

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Children's Songs from the Hillside.

By Julia Leonard

With Illustrations by Kilburn.

Boston:
E. P. Dutton & Co.
New York:
Hurd & Houghton.

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CHILDREN'S

SONGS FROM THE HILLSIDES.

BY

JULIE LEONARD.

BOSTON:
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY.
NEW YORK: HURD AND HOUGHTON.
1865.

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To my dear little Godchild and Cousins,

JULIA, MARTHA, AND LOUIS,

These Songs

ARE DEDICATED BY

JULIE LEONARD.

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THREE CHILDREN.

SWEET Lulu, with her earnest eyes,
Her merry speech, her quick replies,
The lovely head so full of grace,
The winning sweetness of her face,
Her wreathing arms, her tender smiles,
Her kisses sweet that love beguiles
From every one that sees our pearl,
Our loving, earnest, gentle girl.

And Birdie, with her eyes of gray,
Her dimpled cheeks, her lips' soft play,
The tiny hands, her little feet,
Her smile so loving and so sweet,

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Her floating hair of sunny hue,
Her snowy neck, so fair to view,
Her soft caress, her playful ways,
Make her the blessing of our days.

Last comes our Louis, sturdy boy,
So full of fun and yet so coy,
Who from all strangers quickly flies,
Yet glances back with laughing eyes,
And tosses off his flaxen hair,
With such a lofty, stately air,
And runs and climbs his mother's knee,
And smothers her with kisses free.

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THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

WHERE is the miller's daughter,
The little maid with golden hair,
With cheeks like bright red roses,
And neck so fair, so fair?

Where is the little maiden,
That danced among the flowers,
And sang her merry, joyous songs,
Through all the summer hours?

I hear no fairy footfall,
No girlish laugh of glee,
I see no flashing ringlets;
Oh where then can she be?

Where beams the eye's soft azure,
Where have her footsteps strayed,
Where sounds that voice's music,
Where is the little maid?

Alas! the miller's daughter
Sleeps in the church-yard green;

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Her little hands are folded
With rosemary between.

And stately grow the lindens,
That throw a twilight shade
Upon the little grave below,
Where sleeps the little maid.

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MOTHER'S PETS.

THREE little faces looking into mine,
Six laughing eyes brimming with merry glee,
Those slender arms each other's waist entwine,
Three little figures clustering round my knee.

Three little children kneeling by my side,
Their tiny hands upraised in evening prayer,
A serious look o'er each sweet face doth glide,
As if they felt God's presence in the air.

Three dewy mouths held up for mother's kiss,
Those darling faces laid against my cheek,
It makes my heart o'errun with perfect bliss,
Gives deeper pleasure than my tongue can speak.

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"AND THEY BROUGHT IN THE CHILD JESUS."

TWO little doves the Virgin brought,
Two little doves of plumage white,
Without a blemish or defect,
To offer to the Lord of light.

She was so poor, sweet Mary mild,
No spotless lamb had she to bring,
Only two doves redeemed her child;
They were her heart-felt offering.

No richer, fairer gift had she,
So humble was her low estate,
And with her spotless birdlings three
She came unto the temple-gate.

She brought the holy Dove of peace,
Harbinger of the day's bright dawn,
The olive-token of release,
The blessed promise of the morn.

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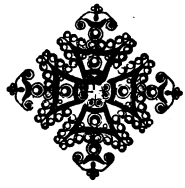
O Holy Child, O blessed Dove!
  Redeem this worldly heart of mine;
For me thou left a heaven of love,
  Dwell in this heart and make it thine.



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THE BIRDLING.

COME and take a peep,
See this little bird.
You must softly creep,
Else you will be heard.

See each little wing,
Bright sparkling yellow;
Now he tries to sing,
Funny little fellow.

He 's the queerest thing
That I 've ever found;
He can't really sing,
He only makes a sound.

That 's because he 's small,
Such a tiny bird,
I 'm afraid he 'll fall.
Don't let us be heard

There comes the mother,
Take care she don't see,

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And here 's his eldest brother,
  Both upon this tree.

How he grasps the bough,
  With his clinging feet.
See them kissing now,
  Ar'n't they glad to meet?

Come, we must go,
  For fear we should alarm them;
Not for worlds you know
  Would we ever harm them.

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SIX O'CLOCK.

COME, my little tired child,
Darkness like a curtain now
Slowly sinks o'er grassy field,
And the hill-top's brow.
Soon the fair round moon will rise,
Out the little stars will creep,
And see our baby's soft blue eyes
Covered up with sleep.

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BESSIE'S BABY.

DEAR little one, so sweet and pure,
From every sin and passion free,
What lines of goodness or of ill,
Shall on thy stainless tablet be?

So snowy white, unwritten now,
While every page must yet be filled;
Our Father grant that in thy heart
All evil be forever stilled.

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So late strayed out from paradise,
  So recent left its fragrant bowers,
Its azure lingers in thine eyes,
  Thy breath is perfumed with its flowers.

Nor yet more sunny can the sands
  Upon its shining rivers be,
Than seems the soft and floating hair
  Upon that graceful head to me.

Oh mayst thou ever be to us
  The heart's dear angel thou art now,
Nor dim the pearl of innocence
  That rests in beauty on thy brow!

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"I AM PAPA'S."

COME, Lily, be my little girl,
And love me every day,
And I will give you pretty birds,
And toys with which to play.
She glanced up with her sweet gray eyes,
And looked into my face,
A look of innocent surprise,
Then said with modest grace, —
I am papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away.

But think, I urged, how many things
I 'll give you if you will:
A garden full of rarest flowers,
Where you may pick your fill.
A smile played on her dimpled face,
But yet she answered low, —
Though dearly I do love sweet flowers,
I 'm sure I cannot go.
I am papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away.

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A little pony you shall have,
With saddle of the brightest red;
And every day with grass and oats
He shall by your own hand be fed.
Her bright eyes sparkled, — I should like
To ride that pony very much,
To feed him all myself, and find
He was obedient to my touch.
But I 'm papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away.

Dear child, I cried, and clasped her tight,
I 'm glad you love your father so,
But there is One whom 't would be right
To love even dearer still, you know.
He gives you all your daily food,
Your many pleasures too, He gives,
He gave that loving father good,
'T is due to God that he still lives.
Dear child, oh may you ever say,
I am God's child, and Him obey.

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BIRD'S SONG FOR LULU.

HARK what the bird says! Lulu, listen!
Hear how he sings in the big cherry-tree!
See how his black eyes sparkle and glisten,
Turning his small head towards you and me.

How bright the sun is, how warm his light beams,
How sweet the flowers smell down below!
Look, little girl, how pretty the light gleams
Through the green branches that dance to and fro.

Is not this the sweetest place ever you lived in?
See how the grape-vines swing on the wall;
Now I will fly and hide myself among them;
You could not swing here for fear of a fall.

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I am a restless, merry little creature,
  Flying from grape-vine to flower and tree;
I have some treasures up there in the branches,
  If you could fly too, I'd take you there to see.

Four little round eggs, pretty as pearls are, —
  Pearl-color, spotted with white, you know:
They will be little birds, prettier than girls are;
  That is, my little wife and I think so.

There now she calls me, says she is hungry, —
  She can't leave our precious eggs, you see;
Ah, there's a fat worm, how she will enjoy it;
  Watch while I carry it up to the tree.

That's what the bird says while he is singing
  Out in the yard in the big cherry-tree,
And that last bird-note, cheerfully ringing,
  Is a good-bye to Lulu and me.

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CHILDREN'S HYMN.

BLESSED Jesus! who on earth
Didst take young children to Thy breast,
And on their heads did blessings pour,
Oh let us too be blest.

And suffer us to come to Thee,
As children did in days of old;
We come in great humility;
Oh, take us to Thy fold.

Of such Thy heavenly kingdom is;
Oh, Jesus, let us enter in,
Saved by Thy death upon the cross,
Cleansed by Thy blood from sin.

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"FRANKIE."

ONE little silken curl, O child most dear,
Is all that I have now;
Far from home, I cannot drop one tear
Upon thy snowy brow.

The kiss that pressed thy cheek when thee I left
I little thought the last;
How sadly came the words, "We are bereft,
Our child to heaven has passed."

Christ sent His angel, and he tarried not,
Scarce shadowed he the air;
But his sad presence left in that dark spot
A memory and a prayer.

"Suffer thy little child to come to Me:"
Safe in his Saviour's breast,
From every sorrow, every suffering free,
Our darling finds his rest.

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THE BROOK.

DEEP in the forest,
Under the trees,
Runneth a little brook,
Swept by the breeze.

Over the pebbles bright,
Dancing so gay,
Flashing in silvery light,
All the long day.

While o'er the surface
The sunbeams quiver,
Onward it glideth,
Down to the river.

Bathing the flowers
That grow on its sides,
Sprinkling the mosses,
It onward glides.

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Dancing and leaping,
And joyous ever,
Onward it floweth,
Down to the river.

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OUR BABY.

LITTLE baby on my knee,
Can you tell me what you see?
Why at every one you smile,
And of kisses all beguile?
Ah! you like the shining sun,
Catching at its beams in fun,
With impatient little hands
Try to seize the golden bands.

Little baby on my knee,
Very dear you are to me,
With your cunning little ways,
And your merry, loving lays,
For you cannot speak a word;
Only, like a little bird,
Cooing sounds so full of bliss
Tell us where the baby is.

Little baby on my knee,
Look out at the apple-tree.

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There upon the topmost bough,
See a wee bird sitting now.
Look! he spreads his wings for flight;
Is not he a pretty sight?
Head of brown and wings of yellow,
Is not he a pretty fellow?

Little baby on my knee,
Shall I sing a song to thee?
Bylow baby, baby dear,
Rest thee now without a fear;
Shut those little azure eyes,
Within whose depths sweet slumber lies;
Sleep thee, baby, baby dear,
Mother ever will be near.

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THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

OH! my baby, all so helpless,
Stretching out thy tiny hands,
Gazing far in the dim distance,
Art thou seeing angel bands,
Soon to pass from human vision,
Babe of scarce a summer old?
Thou hast still the trace of heaven,
And heaven's angels thee enfold.
Grant, O Father, they may guide her,
On life's ever-dangerous sail.
Do Thou guide her o'er life's river:
I am weak, and cannot see
All the dangers to deliver:
Thou art able; strengthen me!

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LOUIS'S BEDTIME.

THE sun sets in the golden west,
The little birds have gone to sleep,
And slowly winding down the lane,
I see the lambs and sheep.
Over the hill up far away
I see the silvery new moon peep,
While from the quickly darkening skies
The tiny stars do creep.

Come, baby Louis, to my lap,
And kiss me with those lips so red;
I'll give you supper all so nice
Of sweetest milk and bread.
And when sleep closes those bright eyes,
Within your snowy bed,
I'll lay you down to rest secure
While angels guard your head.

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WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

INSIDE, the fire burns warm and bright,
Sweet flowers in crystal vases stand,
While pictures lovely to the sight
Are found on either hand.

Outside, the air is cold and chill,
The sidewalks covered o'er with snow,
The blinding storm sweeps down the hill
And through the streets below.

Inside, soft strains of music sound,
Sweet voices float upon the air,
Childhood with innocence is crowned,
And loveliness most rare.

Outside, a little shivering one
Raises her voice in feeble cries;
No home for her till her task is done,
And her matches some one buys.

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No beauty is on that pallid brow,
  No sunshine in the tangled hair;
None gaze upon that wan face now,
  And call her sweet and fair.

Pet names are given the child, inside,
  And kisses warm with fondest love;
She is called our darling, and our pride,
  Our snow-white innocent dove.

One dances on in the bright firelight,
  The centre of worshipping eyes:
The other, with dim and tearful sight,
  In the cold her matches cries.

Hungry and shivering, on she goes,
  The bitter air takes away her breath;
And she sinks at last 'mid the blinding snows,
  In the welcome sleep of death.

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CHARADE, No. I.

MY first is sung by all poets,
My second 's a place of retreat,
My whole is the smiling little girl
Whose bright eyes this verse will meet.

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LITTLE HARRY.

RUNNING gayly through the meadow,
Where the grass was emerald green,
And beneath each small tuft's shadow.
Heaven-eyed violets were seen;

With his little feet, so lightly
Stepping on the perfumed flowers,
That they sent up clouds of fragrance
From their cool and shady bowers.

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In his hand the golden cup
  Seemed less radiant than his hair;
And his blue eyes lifted up,
  Never yet had known a care.

Down unto the river's bank,
  Where the waters ever glide,
And among their leafy boats,
  Lilies float upon the tide.

"See," he cried with merry glee,
  "Sunbeams blossom in the wave —
How they nod their heads at me
  From beneath each leafy cave."

Then he bared each snowy foot,
  Stood a moment half in doubt,
But the nodding lilies seemed
  As if they would call him out.

"Yes, I'm coming, don't you see?"
  And he stretched his little hand
Towards them, full of childish glee,
  As he left the pebbly strand.

"Yes, I'm coming," and a smile
  Lighted up his pure sweet face;

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In a moment he was clasped
In their treacherous embrace.

Flows the river calmly on,
Still each lily nods its head;
But the night-wind sighs a dirge,
For the darling boy is dead.

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LULLABY FOR JULIA

SLEEP, baby, sleep,
While angels o'er thee hover,
Close those sweet, azure eyes,
While I those dainty lids do softly cover,
Guarding thee from surprise;
Sleep, Julia, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
And let thy long, bright lashes
No longer upward leap;
Within those snowy lids, the imprisoned flashes
Of joyous laughter keep;
Sleep, dearest, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
And let thy tiny feet
Cease their perpetual dancing,
Thy little fingers seeking, twining, meet,
And stop their upward glancing;
Sleep, precious, sleep.

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Sleep, baby, sleep;
From out thy rose-bud mouth,
Thy breath, sweet as May-flowers,
Comes, soft as breezes from the sunny South
After the gentle showers;
Sleep, darling, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
God's blessing comes while sleeping —
He giveth His belovèd rest;
A mother tender watch o'er thee is keeping —
Thy couch, that mother's breast;
Sleep, dear love, sleep.

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LULU.

YOU are so pretty,
Gay and so witty,
Sure 't would be pity
Not to love thee.
Your smile is entrancing,
Your beauty enhancing,
Your tiny feet dancing,
Are witching to see.

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MABEL.

LIKE a lily, on its stem,
Bending, swaying, every way,
So our baby, Mabel, goes,
Happy as a bird at play.

Now she clasps her tiny hands,
And her joyous laughter rings
Like the music of the bells —
Or the sound of gurgling springs.

Dancing here and dancing there,
Our sweet, happy little girl;
Far more precious she to us,
Than the ocean's fairest pearl.

Now she draws her figure up,
Flashes fire from her blue eyes, —
Wilful Mabel, dainty puss,
Princess thou, beyond disguise.

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Queen of all the fays art thou;
  Tell me, dearest, where 's thy crown?
Take a lily for thy sceptre,
  Banish far that haughty frown.

Full of wiles and fascination,
  Now a princess, now a child,
Stretching out thy hands for kisses,
  Suing for the smiles beguiled.

Sweet in every way and motion,
  Oh our baby, who can tell,
Any half so sweet and loving,
  Half so naughty as — Ma-belle.

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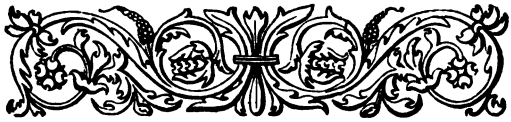

FRANCES.

SHE is not pretty, our sweet child,
But then she is so good and mild,
You do not ask the hue of eyes
Where truest love in ambush lies,
Where golden-hearted Charity,
And lowliest deep Humility,
And all unselfishness you see.
Her pure mind is so beautiful,
So fond, so kind, so dutiful,
Her soul's sweet beauty takes all praise,
And leaves no word for her dear face.

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LITTLE STARS ARE SHINING.

LITTLE stars are shining
In the evening sky;
Little hearts are praying
To the God on high.

Little tongues are saying
Holy songs of praise,
Seeking to be strengthened
In all holy ways.

Little hands are folded
Meekly on each breast,
Asking for a blessing,
Ere they go to rest.

Little eyes are sleeping,
Little feet are still,
But God's angels watch o'er all
Who have done His will.

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A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE ALICE C. W.

COME to my arms, oh, my own little darling,
Close to my heart let me hold thee, my starling!
Mother's pet bird, in its snug little nest,
Under her wings, and prest close to her breast;
Let thy tiny feet cease awhile from their dancing,
Thy white arms rest from their tossing and glancing;
Shut those dark eyes that so roguishly smile,
Lay thy dear head on mamma's arm awhile.

And she will tell you about little chicken,
And how the old hen keeps all the time picking
All the corn and the grain scattered under her feet,
To get her dear chickens enough food to eat;
Then when the night comes, so dark and so dreary,
And all the poor chickens are sleepy and weary,

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Old biddy cries "cluck," to the wee little things,
And covers them warm underneath her broad
wings.

The old hen thinks *her* chicks are the cunningest
may-be;
I *know* who is sweetest — it is Alice, our baby.
Soft to her mother's heart thus I will hold her,
Tenderly, carefully ever enfold her;
Over her breathe a fond mother's blessing,
Lay her to sleep with my gentlest caressing;
Put in her warm nest my sweet little pearl,
Thanking God for the gift of our dear baby-girl.

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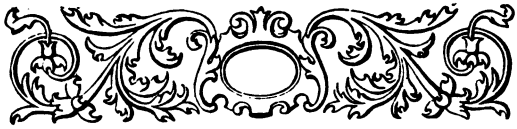

TO A. H. W. W. — IN MEMORIAM.

THOSE dark soft eyes are closed,
The golden lashes fall,
While snowy roses drop their leaves,
A fitting pall.

Weep not, the sweetest babe
That prest thy mother-breast,
In Jesus' arms embraced, has now
A sweeter rest.

No pain can stir him there;
His low, sad moanings cease —
In the bright, pearly courts of Heaven
He has found peace.

Strew o'er his grave sweet flowers,
The rose and violet —
Up in the garden of our Lord,
He bloometh fairer yet.

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SPRING.

SPRING is coming, how the river
Swells and rages as it flows,
Bursting down its icy barriers,
Bearing on the melting snows.
Onward, onward, how it rushes,
Joyful once more to be free —
Leaps from rock to rock, all foaming,
Hasting on to reach the sea.

Spring is coming, hear the bluebirds
Chirp and twitter on the trees,
Hear the merry robins' singing,
Borne upon the morning's breeze.
As Aurora's rosy fingers
Ope the portals of the skies,
How their welcome, gushing warblings
On the wings of morn arise.

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Spring is coming — soon the May-flowers
From the ground will softly peep,
And the violets in the meadows
Waken from their wintry sleep.
And the golden dandelion,
In the crisp and emerald grass,
Like a fallen star from Heaven,
Will smile upon us as we pass.

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EVENING HYMN.

JESUS, holy Saviour,
In Thy tender love,
Teach us little children
To be like the dove;

Kind and very loving,
To our playmates all —
Into angry passions
Never let us fall.

Each day be so gentle,
Never a cross word,
Nor an unkind feeling,
In our hearts be stirred.

So that when night cometh,
And we kneel to pray,
We may look in gladness
On our well-spent day;

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And may feel Thy blessing
  Fill each little breast,
Like a soft caressing,
  As we go to rest.

For we little children
  Erring are, and weak;
'T is thy goodness only
  Makes us good and meek.

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CHARADE No. II.

MY first a lovely flower is,
With wings all spread for flight;
'T is of fairest pink and azure blue,
And deepest rose and white.

My second is a stately bird,
With crown of coral red;
In early morn his voice is heard,
While you are in your bed.

My whole is a bird of beauty rare,
Covered with myriad eyes,
Its plumage caught from the sunset light,
Resplendent of the skies.

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BABY LULU.

BABY Lulu, with thy blue eyes peeping
from their silken lashes,
Where the laughter, running over, upward
leaps in sunny flashes,
And thy rose-bud lips imprisoning just two teeth
as white as pearl,
Ope these lips and show them to us, oh thou
witching little girl.

Since as yet, no language know'st thou, save that
of all babyhood,
Let us hear thy sweet voice, cooing, like a dove
in the green wood;
Clap those tiny taper fingers — do not take those
stockings off!
Lulu, darling, let your shoes be; stop that little
mimic cough.

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Baby, what shall I do to you? both those dainty
white feet bare!
And your shoes, why, where are they? both gone
dancing through the air!
And our Lulu's joyous laughter, says, "Now scold
me if you will."
Scold our baby! why, she 's perfect! — dancing,
laughing, crowing still!

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"BIRDIE."

LITTLE baby, tiny maiden,
If thy future I could see,
Would I wish it riches-laden?
Would I ask great gifts for thee?

Wilt thou be a far-famed poet,
Writing music-sounding words?
Will thy voice be like the singing
Of the silver-throated birds?

Will thy mind, exploring science,
Give a great boon to the earth,
So that all the future ages
Shall rejoice in this, thy birth?

No, I ask no gift of genius,
That "our bird" may ever find
Poet's lyre, or that in science
She may shine; let her be *kind;*

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Give her love and charity;
  Grant her peace and gentleness;
Let her be to all who meet her
  One whom every heart will bless.

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ISABEL'S SONG.

THE soft spring showers are dripping down
Upon the longing earth,
Which gratefully her thanks returns
In fragrant flowers' birth.

The little rill runs murmuring on
Amid the cool green grasses,
Which grow the brighter for the spray
It throws them as it passes.

The sweet May-flower lifts up its head,
To catch the sun's bright rays,
And in its sweetness and perfume
Its grateful homage pays.

And so let me, whose happy eyes
Can so much beauty see,
Whose ears can hear the joyous birds
Carolling in the trees;

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Can see the brook, as it runs along,
  And hear its musical voice,
Thank the dear Father of us all, —
  Be happy and rejoice;

And never repine if the rain does fall;
  It brings us the beautiful flowers,
And the happiest moments of life are
  When the sun shines after the showers.

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LULU'S CHRISTENING.

TO-DAY, with earnest prayer,
To Thee, oh God, we bring
The angel of our hearts, —
A pure, sweet offering.

Make her Thine own loved child;
Grant her, oh Lord, to be
Though in, not of this world;
Keep her in purity.

The azure of the heavens
Beams in her earnest eyes;
Now in her innocence, she seems
A flower of Paradise.

Save her from ill and sin,
From every harm secure;
Safe in Thy arms our baby hold,
And keep her ever pure.

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CHARADE, No. III.

MY first, a tame and timid fowl,
Goes gathering corn for food,
And softly spreads abroad its wings,
To gather in its brood.

See where my second waving moves,
Like billows of the sea,
And when 't is garnered in, 't will make
Nice cakes for you and me.

My third, a gentle maiden is,
Laughing and full of glee,
With hazel eyes, and hair as brown
As any nut can be.

My whole was once proud England's queen;
But all the people rose
In stern rebellion, and she fled
Before her sturdy foes.

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In vain around her many a knight
And noble couched their lance;
She left her husband to his fate,
And gained the shores of France.

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THE DYING BOY.

HARK! I hear sweet music, father,
Songs of angels bright and clear,
Low and sweet, then loud and glorious;
How it breaks upon my ear.

And I see bright flowers, dear father,
Roses such as Jesus saw,
Lilies like the one that Gabriel
To the Virgin Mary bore;

And such birds of rarest plumage,
Ruby head, and silver wings,
Emerald, striped with brightest scarlet,
Oh such lovely, lovely things.

Tell me, father, is this heaven?
For I see the shining sands;
Over there across the river,
There our dear Lord Jesus stands.

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And He says, in tones so loving,
  Little child, oh come to me;
May I go, oh dearest father,
  May I cross that shining sea?

Soft the accents grew, and fainter;
  Dim the light in those sweet eyes;
Falls the little hand that pointed
  Out the way to Paradise.

Light the sunbeams dance and quiver
  On the dear child's golden hair;
He had crossed the mystic river,
  He was with his Saviour there.

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CHRIST'S SHEEP.

HOLD me in thine arms, dear Saviour,
Hold thy little wandering sheep;
I have strayed in midst of danger,
To thy bosom let me creep.

I know I am most unworthy
Of thy love and all thy care,
But I have thy gracious promise
Thou thy wandering sheep will bear.

I am cold, and worn, and weary;
Take me in thy sheltering arms;
Keep me, Lord, because thou lovest me,
Safe from sin and its alarms.

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BERTHA'S WALK.

COME, little Bertha, and walk with me,
Down through the lane to the running brook;
We will stand on the bridge and see
How the darting fishes look;
See if a pickerel we can find,
Or gather the stately cardinal flower,
And into a pretty nosegay bind:
Come, and we 'll spend a merry hour.

Put on your hat with the ribbon blue,
And I will tie it under your chin;
Toss back those curls of chestnut hue,
If you don't want me to tie them in.
Now take my hand and we will go, —
Pick up that chip for a little boat,
And where the streamlet does quickest flow
We will try to make it float.

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Load it with berries, and call them freight;
  Where shall we say it is going to?
Beyond the bridge we will go and wait,
  And watch it, as it is going through.
There, — it has passed all danger now, —
  Onward it floats with the running tide;
We will go over the hill-side brow,
  And get some flowers the other side.

Gather the tall bright golden-rod;
  How like a plume it is waving there!
It grows each side of the path we 've trod;
  Stand still and I 'll put some in your hair.
Oh you merry, frolicsome sprite,
  Not for a moment can you stand still;
You dance like the sunbeam's golden light,
  As it breaks through the trees on yonder hill.
See, there is the gentian's azure hue;
  How lovely and fine is its fringed edge!
It has caught from the skies its beautiful blue,
  Though its roots do spring from a rocky ledge.

Now we must homeward turn our way;
  We will go through the lane, and let down the bars;
The sun is just throwing a lingering ray,
  And soon we shall see the twinkling stars.

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And when the new moon, with her silvery light,
Will ride the heaven like a fairy car,
Our little Bertha will have bid us "good-night,"
And be off in dream-land, ever so far.

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POLL PARROT.

ANNIE, see the pretty bird,
It will answer to your call;
Raise your voice so 's to be heard,
And he 'll call out, — "Pretty Poll."
Pretty Poll.

See how quick he turns to hear,
Pretty bird, with feathers gay;
Now he holds a listening ear,
To heed what you will say, —
Pretty Poll.

Do not go too near, my child,
Or he 'll nip you with his beak,
For he is not very mild,
Though he 's pretty and can speak, —
Pretty Poll.

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See the color of his wings,
Emerald, blue, and rosy red!
Now he dips his beak, and flings
Water o'er his head.
Pretty Poll.

See his little round black eye,
Flashing like the diamond bright!
Don't you think he'd like to fly
Out into the broad daylight?
Pretty Poll.

Sailors brought him o'er the sea,
For his home is far away,
Yet he happy seems to be,
Satisfied if you will say,—
Pretty Poll.

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A BABE'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies one who only knew
Of this life its earliest dew,
Oped his sweet eyes to greet the morn,
Then rose to Heaven with the dawn.

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A MORNING HYMN FOR ALICE WHEELER.

FATHER, how beautiful the morn,
How sweet the robin's cheerful lays,
The beauty of the sun's bright dawn,
The golden glory of its rays.

All the sweet flowers, that through the night
Have grateful drank life-giving dew,
In fragrant incense to the light
Lift their bright cups of varied hue.

The insects, springing from their sleep,
Into the fresh, sweet morning air,
In tones now shrill, now low, now deep,
Thank Thee, oh Father, for Thy care.

When all things praise Thee, oh dear Lord,
Let me my song of gratitude
Pour out unto Thy heavenly throne,
Who all things evil here withstood.

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Thank Thee, that through the hours of night,
  I safe have slept, secure from harm,
And waked again to morning light,
  O'ershadowed by Thy powerful arm.

Guard me this day from every sin,
  From all temptations keep me free;
Oh, make then pure my soul within,
  And lead me up at last to Thee.

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OUR NORTHERN HOME.

OH very fair in Eastern lands
Blossoms the fragrant rose,
And the nightingale, with its low sweet note,
Sings it gently to repose;
But dearer far is the rose to me,
That blooms where the robins roam,
For its perfume is as a loving voice,
Bidding me welcome home.

Oh musical indeed must be
The fountain's silvery fall,
As it scatters its jewels in merry glee
In the gorgeous palace-hall;
But the murmuring flow of the running brook,
As it covers the pebbles with foam,
Is dearer far than all fountains are,
For it speaks to me of home.

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Oh warm is the air of the sunny South,
And fragrant with flowers its breeze,
Where the waving moss hangs like a veil
On its grand and stately trees;
But dearer far are the Northern gales
That through forests of pine-trees roam,
For there 's music in the chilling blast
That speaks to us of home.

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DRIVING THE COW HOME.

COME, Albert, hasten down the lane,
And bring home the old cow;
You 'll find her waiting at the bars;
It 's time to milk her now.

Drive her slowly up the lane;
Do not make her run;
'T would hurt the creamy milk she gives
At setting of the sun.

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Her bell will tinkle up the lane,
  She 'll stop to eat the grass,
And you can gather buttercups
  And daisies as you pass.

And when you get the old cow home,
  The milk as white as snow,
And bread as sweet as any made,
  Will on the table go.

Then you 'll pull up your little chair,
  And have your bowl and spoon;
And if you hasten through the lane
  You 'll get your supper soon.

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A CHILD'S PRAYER.

OH, Thou who o'er Thy sheep,
With tenderest love,
A pitying watch dost keep,
From Heaven above,

Look down on this, Thy child,
Weary of sin,
Lead her with accents mild,
Thy path within.

Teach her to cast away
All selfish thought;
Thy banner all unfurled,
Life's war be fought.

Not to look far away,
To be content
With duties of to-day, —
Each hour well spent;

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Trying with heart and soul,
Thy child to be;
Thy love the happy goal, —
Ending in Thee.

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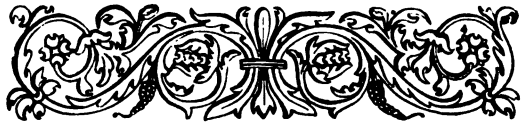

LEGEND OF CHRIST OF ANDERNACH.

FAST, fast the rain falls down,
Harsh blows the chilling wind;
Hungry and cold, a mother with her child
Wanders her way to find.

No one will take her in,
Or give her food to eat;
Her starving baby cries aloud in vain,
No helper can she meet.

At last before the church
Where the great crucifix stands,
She sinks down fainting on the flinty stone,
Imploring, raised her hands;

And prays, and prays with tears,
Until she falls asleep;
Her sweet babe on her heaving breast
Hears yet her sobbings deep.

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But she had not slept long,
  When suddenly a light
Flashed full upon her tearful eyes;
  She started at the sight.

For there before her stood,
  With blood on hands and feet, —
Majestic, pale, and very sorrowful, —
  A man within the street.

He did not speak one word,
  But pityingly He smiled;
He gave her bread, and then stooped down
  And kissed the sleeping child.

She raised her eyes up to the cross,
  No image could she see;
She looked again upon her pallid babe,
  'T was dead upon her knee.

Once more upon the cross she gazed;
  There hung the Crucified,
The crown of thorns upon that holy brow,
  Blood streaming from that side.

Sobbing she cried, Lord Jesus,
  Look down with pitying eyes,

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Take me where Thou hast ta'en my child,
To dwell in Paradise.

She gazed upon the crucifix,
The Saviour bent and smiled,
Her soul passed through the pearly gates,
And she was with her child.

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VOICES OF THE WIND.

HEAR the autumn wind,
How it sings,
Turning round the leaves,
Brilliant things.
Blowing all the clouds
In the sky;
How its powerful breath
Makes them fly.

Listen to its sound
Through the trees;
How they seem to say
To the breeze,
I will stand my ground,
Do your best;
I will bend, not break,
Here I rest.

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Hear the autumn wind,
  On the sea,
How it makes the waves
  Onward flee.
How it covers the water
  O'er with foam;
There the merry wind
  Is at home.

Wailing autumn wind,
  As you blow,
How you bring to mind
  Long ago.
Others sat around
  The bright fire;
They have left us now,
  Gone up higher.

But they loved your voice,
  Wailing wind,
And for their dear sakes
  We too find
Pleasure in its sound;
  For each strain
Brings them back to us
  Once again.

Digitized by Google

MORNING PRAYER.

WHEN in the morning light,
I do awake,
Unto the Lord of light
My prayer I make;
That He will all the day
Watch over me,
Keep me, in work or play,
From evil free.

Let not an angry thought
Come in my mind,
Nor envious passions seek
My heart to bind.
But by His holy Word
Let me be led,
Until at night I seek
My little bed.

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A LITTLE STORY FOR MARTHA.

COME, little Martha, and sit on my knee,
Sit on my knee and look into my eyes,
And I 'll tell a story for you and for me,
That shall make your eyes sparkle with sad surprise.

There was once an old hen with ten little chickens,
White ones, and black ones, and spotted with gray;
All day long they went picking and picking,
And eating the bugs that came in their way.

Some were good chickens, and some, oh how sad!
Were naughty, and did not obey the old hen,
They ran hither and thither, and were very bad.
Naughty chickens! they even crept out of the pen.

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Oh Sparkle! oh Red-top! oh White-wing! come back,
Come back to your mother and in safety stay,
The old cat will eat you; alack, oh alack!
They would not heed her, but quick ran away.

What a beautiful place, oh how mean of mamma,
To keep us shut up in that close little place;
What's a cat! if we meet her we will declare war,
And scratch her, and pick her, and fly in her face.

They wandered awhile, and peeped loud in joy,
When suddenly, just as they thought of returning,
Out jumped a cat from the bushes near by,
Her back up, her eyes with fierce anger burning!

They screamed with affright, and quick to the coop
They ran and they flew, frightened out of their breath,
But alas for poor Red-top! with one fell swoop,
The paw of the cat came and shook her to death.

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But Sparkle and White-wing, in wildest affright,
Ran swiftly and hid under the old hen's wing;
And never more strayed, for they said, and said right,
That cats near and afar were not the same thing.

And now where are Sparkle and White-wing, you ask?
Go out to the hen-coop and you will see;
And give them my compliments, if you please,
And ask for a fresh egg for you and me.

Digitized by Google

LOVED AND LOST.

LOVED and lost!
Oh say not so,
Their pure spirits
Upward go,
To the temple of the blest,
To an everlasting rest.

Loved and lost!
Our hearts must bleed;
They nor pain, nor care
Will heed;
Far above our earthly skies,
They have flown to Paradise.

Loved, not lost,
We, too, one day
Will be with them,
Where they stay,
Join them in the heavenly choir,
Strike with them the angelic lyre.

Digitized by Google

CHARADE, No. IV.

FORTH from his tent the patriarch came,
And called to his loved and only child,
It is time that my first should share your fame,
He said as he looked on his son and smiled.
But not from among the dwellers here,
With their azure eyes and their sunny hair,
But from the land of my kindred dear,
With their graceful forms and their faces fair.

It was sunset in the land of the East,
And a string of camels with tinkling bell,
Scented afar the perfume of a feast,
And they longed for my second in palm-trees dell.
A stately maiden, with fawn-like grace,
Lowered her pitcher that the stranger might drink;
He gazed at the beauty of her sweet face;
I have found my first for my lord, I think.

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The dream is past, the pageant o'er,
The prisoner raised his weary head;
What made this scene pass his eyes before?
Some words from the Bible the chaplain had read.
But gone was the vision; he knew too well
The cold and damp of this dreary place;
The name of my whole came back like a knell,
And the prisoner hid his pallid face.

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LITTLE GRAY EYES.

SEE the humming-birds, little Gray Eyes.
See how they fly from bud to flower,
Gathering honey wherever they go,
In the air, hovering hour by hour.

See how their wings glisten, little Gray Eyes,
Sparkling like rubies and emeralds bright,
Crested with sapphires their little heads,
While their eyes shine like the diamond's light.

What were they made for? little Gray Eyes,
Made to please us and give us joy,
Made to flit from flower to flower,
And sip sweet honey without alloy.

What were *you* made for, little Gray Eyes?
Made to be happy and cheerful and good,
To mind your mother and love your God,
And stand by and by where your angel has stood.

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To stand with angels, and sing God's praise,
You first must be an obedient child,
Must love your sister, be kind to your brother,
And be everywhere sweet, and gentle, and mild.

So shall the humming-birds, little Gray Eyes,
Bring to remembrance God's kindness and love,
And remind you that here you must try to be good,
So that one day you 'll stand with His angels above.

Digitized by Google

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

TREAD lightly as you onward pass,
For here, amid the waving grass,
Lies a little child asleep,
Who is mourned with anguish deep.

Whisper softly as you go;
Even the winds more gently blow,
O'er the little golden head,
Resting here among the dead.

And the snowy, fragrant rose
Watches o'er his sweet repose,
Scattering down her leaves so sweet,
For the baby's winding-sheet.

Digitized by Google

THE BEGGAR BOY.

I'M cold and I 'm hungry,
I 've nothing to eat,
The wind blows so bitterly
Down the lone street;
And I 've no shoes nor stockings,
To cover my feet.

My jacket is threadbare,
With many a rent,
My old hat is ragged,
And tattered and bent,
And oh, I 'm so hungry!
And have not a cent.

I look in the windows,
As onward I pass,
I see cake and candies,
Inside of the glass;
But I have no money
To buy bread, alas!

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And many a little boy,
  Running along,
Warmly fed, warmly dressed,
  Singing a song,
Casts on me a careless glance,
  Joining the throng.

Oh how very cold I am,
  I wish he 'd see,
And take out a penny,
  And give it to me;
It would just buy the roll
  That yonder I see.

It would make him so joyous,
  All the long day,
To know he had made me
  Happy and gay;
And he 'd go with a lighter heart
  On to his play.

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THE LAEF.

ALL summer I have gayly danced,
And trembled on the breeze;
The gayest leaf of all around
Upon the many trees.

The soft spring showers with joy I drank,
Bathed in the summer sun;
Flashed out in crimson glory now,
My course is almost run.

Hurled fiercely by the autumn gale,
At last I fall and rest
In peace upon my mother-earth,
Held closely to her breast.

And when the wintry storms shall come,
And soft the snow-flakes fall,
Beneath them I shall quiet lie,
They 'll be my fitting pall.

Digitized by Google

TOY SHOPS.

IN the great and crowded city,
Where the shops are filled with toys,
On the outside, ah the pity!
Stand the little gazing boys;

Looking with an earnest longing,
On the horses and the drays,
Thinking if to them belonging,
Of the many happy plays;

At the marbles and the alleys,
At the army ambulance,
At the merry dancing sallies,
How thine eager eyes do glance.

If I only had the money,
I know which 't is I would buy.
See — those files of soldiers funny!
No! that flying top I 'd try.

Digitized by Google

And the cheery laugh goes ringing,
As they slowly move away,
Oh! the "Kingdom Coming," singing,
And their kingdom means all play.

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SUNDAY EVENING PRAYER.

I THANK Thee, Father, that the day
In holy pleasures passed away,
That I have done my duty right,
And rest in peacefulness this night.

That when at home or Sunday-school,
I have obeyed Thy urgent rule,
That unto others you should do,
As you would have them unto you.

That I have said no angry word
Is by Thy power, oh gracious Lord;
Oh may that power ever be
A holy safeguard unto me.

And when night's shadows gently creep,
I close my eyes in peace to sleep,
Protected by Thy powerful arm,
I have no fear of any harm.

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The little stars in heaven above
Are placed there by a God of love;
They will watch o'er my little bed,
While angels stand around my head.

I lay me down without a fear,
For God in every hour is near,
And light to Him as day's clear light
Are the dark shadows of the night.

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TWO PATHS.

TWO paths are stretched before the eyes,
And side by side they lie;
Both lead us through this present world,
On to eternity.

One through gay scenes, and brilliant flowers,
And fountains' merry play;
Sweet music sounding through the hours,
Beguiles the time away.

The other through a narrow path,
With many thorns beset,
Where many dangers hover round,
And many sorrows met.

The one seems very fair and broad,
Yet as you onward go,
The flowers are dim, the fountains dull,
The music faint and low.

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The other path, though hard at first,
  Seems easier as you pass,
The thorns are changed to roses rare,
  Daisies spring in the grass.

And music as of angels' songs,
  Fall on the listening ear,
And all around, as you press on,
  Grows beautiful and clear.

One path will lead you sure to death,
  The other up to Heaven;
Oh may the wisdom right to choose
  To every child be given.

Digitized by Google

CHARADE, No. V.

WHAT is it softly steals along
The corridor this night?
Upon the black-robed figure falls
The moonbeam's fitful light.
Is it a monk of olden time,
Whose spirit is accursed
Condemned to walk from hall to hall,
Or is it but my *first*?

The knight lies tossing on his couch,
And counting up his losses,
And longs for water from the brook,
That runs 'mid emerald mosses;
And he writhes and twists and turns about;
Oh he never once had reckoned
On such an end to the night's affray
As he suffers in my *second*.

He stands once more in banquet-hall,
The knights raise high their glasses,
The ghost is my first, my second is gone;
Drink deep of my *whole* ere time passes.

Digitized by Google

And the cup goes round with a merry sound,
  And stories are told and songs are sung,
And they drink my whole from the flowing bowl,
  Till the dawning light bid the revels be done.

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SOFTLY, SOFTLY, LITTLE CHILD.

SOFTLY, softly, little child,
Do not wear that angry brow,
Do not speak that naughty word,
Angel-steps are near thee now.

Softly, softly, little child,
Drive thy passion far away,
And thy angel visitants
Close will fold their wings and stay.

Softly, softly, little child,
Drop the penitential tear,
Angels catch it ere it falls,
Bear it up to Heaven from here.

Softly, softly, little child,
Are the songs of angels blent,
Joyous are the strains above,
O'er the child that doth repent.

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GUIDANCE.

GENTLY guide thy child, oh mother,
In the path of love and peace,
Let no weak indulgence smother
Conscience's voice when whispering, Cease,
Cease to give thy child that pleasure;
It may wreck her heavenly treasure.

Holy hymns of Jesus teach her,
How He blessed each little child,
That His blessing still will reach her,
If she gentle is and mild.
She will keep that childhood's song,
Though her path of life is long.

Teach her accents soft and lowly,
Fill her with humility,
Often to God's footstool holy
Take thy little child with thee.
She will ne'er forget the prayer
That her mother taught her there.

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CHARADE, No. VI.

HARK, 't is the sound of the alarum bell,
Hark, 't is the blast of the warder's horn,
And it comes to her heart like a funeral-knell,
For her lord on a distant affray is gone.
And the sound of the warlike clang of arms
Strikes with fear on her quivering heart,
And she does my *first* in her fearful alarm,
And tries all in vain to bid fear depart.

But, lady, listen, his war-cry is heard,
Look where your lord's men with my *second* come,
See, the fluttering scarf with the wind is stirred,
That you tied on my second when your lord left home.
A rescue! a rescue! your heart beats high,
Oh who will conquer this fearful day;
The sun has set and the night draws nigh,
And the coward assailants have fled away.

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Oh powerful enchanter! whose magic spell,
Raises knight and lady, fairy and page,
The mystic island we love so well,
The gorgeous vision of bygone age;
Thou art my *whole*, and through distant time
Will sound thy glorious trump of fame;
No future poet such height will climb;
All honor to thy mighty name!

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LITTLE SAMUEL.

IN the hushed hours of the night,
Peaceful slept the little child,
All through yesterday's quick flight,
He obedient was and mild;
And before the altar stood,
Casting up the incense there,
Bending low before the Lord,
With his psalm of praise and prayer.
Little Samuel.

From his holy, happy dream
He is wakened by a call,
Like Priest Eli's voice 't would seem;
Quick he ran into the hall.
Here, oh Eli, here am I!
Nay, I called thee not, he said.
Startled, little Samuel,
Wondering, sought his tiny bed.
Little Samuel.

Once more from his broken sleep
Was he wakened by that cry,

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Roused the priest from slumber deep,
Here, oh Eli, here am I!
Nay, my son, I called thee not;
Yet the third time came the voice.
'T is the Lord that calleth thee;
Little Samuel, rejoice.
Little Samuel.

Answer if He call again,
Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth,
Tremblingly he laid him down,
Trembling not because he feareth,
But the joy that he was called,
A prophet of the Lord to be,
In His holy house installed,
Filled him with humility.
Little Samuel.

Lord, like little Samuel,
When I hear thy gracious voice,
Let my conscience say, "'T is well,"
Let my tender heart rejoice.
In my heart, oh dearest Lord,
Let me there an altar raise,
Worship Thee as Samuel did,
Ever more with prayer and praise.
Little Samuel.

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CHARADE, No. VII.

MY first is all confusion,
Though from so slight an allusion,
You might think it a delusion,
But it is not so.

My second is part of a lock,
And hard as any rock,
And safer than a pock-
et you know.

My third is a part of you,
Taking it in extreme point of view,
And without it you would n't like to do,
Or to go.

My whole is a torment and pest,
That the dark hours of night do infest,
And give you no quiet or rest, —
A plague and a foe.

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TEN YEARS OLD.

TEN little years ago, you say,
Ten little years since I was born;
To me who chafe at Time's delay,
The years seem very far and long.

Ten times the daisies have sprung up,
And blossomed in the wavy grass;
Ten times the yellow buttercup
Has held the dew in golden glass.

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Ten times the stately lilies, white
As if they were the moon's own flowers,
Have flashed in beauteous silvery light,
And fragrance crowned the passing hours.

Ten times the robin red-breast came,
And sang his short, quick roundelay.
I knew it was the very same;
He always chose the almond-spray.

Ten times we felt the breath of Spring,
Have walked in Summer's sultry clime,
Have seen the stores that Autumn brings,
The cold delights of Winter-time.

Ten times, and I am yet a child!
When will the circling years go round,
And bring the vision bright, that smiled,
Of womanhood's enchanted ground?

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LINES TO A CHILD.

ENTER in, oh little stranger,
To this world of care and danger;
Hard the path to these small feet,
Sharp the stones that they will meet.
Little hands, so soft and small,
Can they help you if you fall?
Forehead broad, and smooth, and fair,
What lines will be graven there?
Eyes so calm and innocent,
Will fierce passion there be blent?
Nay, we know not what will come,
Ere *you* reach *your* heavenly home;
In thy hands, oh dearest Lord,
Resting on thy steadfast word,
We our dearest treasure place,
Trusting in thy heavenly grace.

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CHRISTMAS HYMN.

CHILDREN, raise your happy song,
Hail the time that Christ was born!
All your infant voices raise
To the dear child Jesus' praise.
Hail the time that Christ was born!
Hail the day-star of the dawn!

Christ is born, the Dove of peace,
Come to bring from sin release;
Little children though we are,
He our song of love will hear.
Hail the time that Christ was born!
Hail the day-star of the dawn!

Peace, good-will, by angels sung,
Through high heaven's arches rung,
While the shepherds on the plain
Awe-struck listened to the strain.
Hail the time that Christ was born!
Hail the day-star of the dawn!

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Blest in heart and soul are we
Who have lived this day to see;
Holy Babe, yet mighty King,
We thy twofold praises sing.
Hail the time that Christ was born!
Hail the day-star of the dawn!

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LOST IN THE BUSH.

DEAREST mother, let me go
Over there across the river;
See the sands shine like the snow,
Underneath the waves that quiver,
Ever dancing to and fro.

There I see the children playing,
Running in and out the trees,
There where giant forms are swaying,
In the soft, warm morning breeze,
There I, too, would fain be straying.

Nay, my son, no child is there,
And the river is too deep,
Only pixies seem so fair;
They will lure you on to sleep,
'Neath the river in their lair.

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Yet he watched and waited ever,
  Longing for forbidden ground;
With his pets before he never
  Had so little pleasure found.
Ah, if he might cross the river!

Strong the passion grew, so strong,
  That one bright mid-summer day,
With a joyous, merry song,
  Over the river he strayed away,
Quite forgetting he was wrong.

Ah, how fair the flowers are growing,
  And the berries, ruby red;
Is that a child his bright eyes showing
  Through the ferns that hide his head?
No, 't is but the kangaroo going.

Hark! from out the branches green
  Starts a beauteous cockatoo,
The loveliest bird was ever seen,
  With wings of softest sapphire blue,
And head of gold and ruby sheen.

All powdered o'er with diamond dew,
  He shines and glistens in the sun,
Brighter and brighter as he flew.

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Oh could he catch the lovely one,
And find how the pretty feathers grew!

Ah, but now he has a prize!
See, he has it in his hand, —
A little gray bear with twinkling eyes,
Who will not his grasp withstand,
But rests in his bosom and snaps at the flies.

But where is the sun so lately beaming?
He is setting in the golden west,
There on the river his last rays are gleaming,
And the cockatoos are gone to rest,
And of next day's joys are dreaming.

Back he turned, how very strange;
Where had fled the gleaming river?
Ah! the fearful, fearful change;
Looking upward with a shiver,
At the frightful mountain-range.

Over the mountain must be his mother.
Was she calling to him now?
How he longed for his elder brother,
To help him over the mountain's brow;
He did not try his tears to smother.

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Poor little lad! and the night coming on,
  Quiet, still, and crystal clear;
Did his mother long for her little son?
  Oh if that loved voice he might hear,
How quick to her bosom he would run.

Weary the little steps toiled higher,
  Over the cliffs he 'd find his own,
Surely each step that he took brought home nigher.
  Weep, poor mother, and make your moan;
He will come no more to the hearth-stone fire.

Bright rose the sun in the rosy dawn,
  Still his feeble steps struggled on.
What cared he for the fair blue morn?
  He was taking his last sad journey alone,
And hope and thought were almost gone.

And there they found him stilly sleeping,
  The cold cheek on the colder stone,
His play-day was ended and so was his weeping;
  He had crossed the river of death alone!
And near him the little bear was creeping.

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He had crossed the river of shining sand,
  He had gathered the amaranthine flowers,
He would rest forever in that blest land;
  He played with the children in Heaven's bowers,
Led there by God's own hand.

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CHRISTMAS SONG.

WHAT shall we bring
Unto our King
For a Christmas offering?
A breast where love,
Like a brooding dove,
Makes earth like Heaven to prove.

What shall we sing
Unto our King,
For a Christmas offering?
The holy Child,
Sweet Jesus mild,
Who us to God hath reconciled.

What shall we ring
Unto our King,
For a Christmas offering?
Ring out a chime,
Through every clime,
To tell that this is Christ's own time.

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This shall we bring
Unto our King,
For a Christmas offering;
Good-will increase,
And all strife cease,
And every heart be filled with peace.

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"FRANKIE."

IN the golden, merry month of May,
When the birds were singing here,
And the violets lifted their azure eyes,
In the birth-time of the year,
When the very clouds as they floated on,
Seemed filled with a lazy joy,
As if to make that May most dear,
Thou camest, oh precious boy!

The skies had given thee eyes like stars,
While earth from her choicest vine
Had severed the prettiest tendrils there,
Around thy brow to twine.
The little brook gave thy musical laugh,
And thy teeth were pearls from the sea,
And we called thee our angel, our bird, our star,
And our violet of the lea.

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Our angel — for two short years thou wast,
God's angel thou now art become,
Not far hadst thou strayed from the heavenly court
When our Father called thee home.
Our bird; — we thought, 't will be many a year,
Ere he from the nest can stray,
But alas! with wings that we dreamed not of
He has taken his flight away.

Our star; — he will cheer us in darkness and gloom,
Though clouds may be gathering afar;
He still will be with us, — a more glorious home
Was found for our morning star.
Our violet; — so lovely at early dawn,
Ere night it had faded away,
And we look for its sweetness, its beauty in vain,
With an anguish we cannot stay.

For we never again in this fair, bright earth,
That dear, sweet face may see,
A silken curl from that graceful head
Is all that is left of thee;
But our Saviour's arms is thy shelter now,
He has bid little children come —
Our love might injure, our care might harm —
Thou art *safe* in that heavenly home.

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Thou art safe with Christ, and our star will shine,
More brilliantly near His throne,
Our faded violet will bloom again,
Our bird to his nest has flown.
And we are content to trust him there,
Safe sheltered from every ill,
And Christ's own voice calms all our grief—
Peace, troubled heart, be still.

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THE VIOLETS.

DOWN where the river and little brook meet,
Under a tuft of bright green grass,
Hidden away from the wandering feet
Of any who chanced to pass,
Nestled a knot of violets blue
That bathed in the sun, and drank in the dew,
And saw in the river their own rare hue,
Reflected as in a glass.

They bloomed in the sunlight, so warm and gay,
And smilingly welcomed each passing shower,
They laughed at the brook as it ran away,
And passed their little bower.
They loved the soft breath of the balmy air,
And breathed out a fragrance rich and rare,
So subtle it was, and it was not there,
In the heart of each sweet flower.

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No rude hand plucked them from out their place,
Away from that cool and shady spot,
But the south wind kissed them with soft embrace,
To show they were not forgot.
And day after day the sweet song of the bird
And the cry of the chirping cricket was heard,
And the heart of each blossom with joy was stirred,
And blessed its quiet lot.

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RUBY AND PEARL.

WHICH is the dearer one to me,
My noble boy, my quiet girl?
Which jewel richer seems to be,
The ruby bright or snowy pearl?

Within the one the fire burns deep,
Like noble thoughts within his soul,
It starts and flashes with a leap,
As if 't would spurn at all control.

But yet within its little shrine,
It steady burns from day to day,
And so within this boy of mine
Ambition, reason, both have sway.

My quiet girl, my gentle child,
Is like the pure and snowy pearl, —
Happy and loving, gay and mild,
Far from the world and its wild whirl.

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Content with lustre mild, she beams,
  Her heart is filled with peaceful thought,
Where holy love with purest gleams
  An altar to her God hath wrought.

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ADVENT.

HAIL to the new-born Saviour!
Hail to the Prince of Peace!
Who left His throne in Heaven
To bid our sufferings cease,
So draw us back from sinning,
To make us reconciled,
Our wayward hearts thus winning,
He came a little child.

He lay down in a manger,
Yet His star in heaven did shine;
He came of lowly parents,
Yet sprung from David's line;
He lay a babe so helpless,
Within the oxen's stall,
Yet was the King of Glory,
The sovereign Lord of all.

Then lift your voice in praises,
Hailing the blessed day,

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The holy time that Jesus
Came down on earth to stay.
Come to our hearts, dear Saviour,
Make them thy dwelling-place,
That we may love Thee more and more,
The more we see thy face.

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PRINCESS LILY'S BALL.

THE Princess Lily gave a ball.
She was a maiden of high degree,
And thought it was due to all her friends,
To treat them with gentle courtesy.

So one calm night in the summer-time,
She sent out her herald, the yellow-striped bee,
To bid all the flowers to her domains,
Out in the garden by the old oak-tree.

The gentle beams of the moon fell soft,
Like silver frost on the emerald grass,
And the south wind played its low, sweet tune,
On each spidér's web that it chanced to pass.

There stood Princess Lily, stately and tall,
In her snowy dress of woven pearl,
With her diadem of starry gold,
And her fair soft hair in its floating curl.

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The first who came was the lovely Rose,
And she blushed like the sunset-flush in the skies,
And the long lashes drooped o'er her glowing cheek,
At the look of her cavalier Tulip's eyes.

Ah, truly he was a brave gallant!
His dress was of velvet as black as night,
All striped with gold and spotted with red,
That shone and sparkled like jewels bright.

And then came the Daisies, like earth's own stars,
And with them the Purple Pansies too,
With quaint little hoods that hid their bright hair,
And kept it entirely out of view.

Larkspur came, as jaunty and bold,
With voice so loud and laugh of glee:
"I've driven my steed to his latest breath,
But I was bound to be here," quoth he.

The sweet little Blue-bell came of course, —
She was always asked because she could sing,—
And no one spoke when they heard her voice;
Did ever a mortal hear of such a thing?

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The Violets stole in with modest grace,
  They only just bowed to show they were there,
But all through the garden their presence you 'll trace,
  By the subtle and beautiful perfume they wear.

The fragrant Heliotrope sent a regret :
  "I sleep through the night," she said, "you know,
So early I open my petals so fair,
  And greet the bright sun-god who loves me so."

The bright Rose Carnation gallantly drew near,
  Fair Princess Lily bowed and smiled, —
"Welcome, oh Prince; I am glad you are here,"
  And she blushed with the sweet grace of a child.

Sir Carnation kissed her delicate hand;
  "My heart would not be denied," so low
That no one heard, but he stood by her side,
  And said, "If you wish me away, bid me go."

By and by Mignonette glided in;
  She was the song-lark of the flowers,
In her sober dress of russet brown,
  Her sweetness like melody gladdened the hours.

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Then they danced, and they sung, and from fairy cups,
That the Wood-Moss sent, drank the honey-dew,
And they ate up the cheeses the Mallows had made —
I wish that I had been there — don't you?

Quickly the time passed to one and to all,
Till the moon sank down behind the great hill,
Then with many a praise they hurried away,
But Sir Carnation lingered there still,

And said something so low that no one could hear,
But sweet Lily blushed like her cousin the Rose,
And then looking round to see no one was near,
I think that he kissed her, — but nobody knows.

'T was the old Oak-Tree that told me the story,
And he is very discreet and sage,
But he winked all his leaves and looked wondrous jolly,
Considering he 's two hundred years of age.

Digitized by Google

GLORIOUS NIGHT.

GLORIOUS night, brilliant night,
All the stars in heaven shine bright,
Yet more glorious, brilliant far
Shines the dear child Jesus' star.

He has left His realms above,
Left the angelic courts of love,
Came where war and strife have run
Ever since the world begun.

On Judea's plains at night,
Myriad angels floated bright,
Before the wondering shepherd's eyes,
Songs of seraphic beauty rise.

Good-will on earth to man we bring,
Sweet peace, our God's own offering,
Glory to Him who reigns above,
Glory to Him, the God of love.

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For unto you this day is born
A son to bless this glorious morn,
'T is Christ your Saviour and your Lord,
Forever be His name adored.

He came a little, tender child,
Thoughtful, obedient, good, and mild ;
In His example may we see
What little children here should be.

That we may trace the lightened way,
That leads unto eternal day,
By that dear star which shone above,
The token of a God of love.

Digitized by Google

LULU'S FAITH.

ONE day while standing by my side,
Her earnest eyes fixed on my face,
Sweet Lulu, our heart's dearest pride,
Said with a loving, warm embrace,
"Tell me, dear Auntie, did you know
I made you well and strong again?"
"And what spell did you, darling, throw,
To drive away the racking pain?"

"Because I prayed to God each night,
And every night He heard my prayer."
With tears that almost dimm'd my sight,
I kissed that upturned face so fair,
And blessed her for her loving heart,
Praying that in the years to come
That childlike faith might not depart,
But light her to her heavenly home.

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THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

WHEN do the fairies dance? you ask:
When they have finished their daily task,
Have painted each flower with its varied hue,
And touched the sky with a deeper blue,
Folding the gentian's soft fringe up,
Gilding the bowl of the buttercup,
Hanging the spider's web with dew,
Till it seemed as if there the diamonds grew.

Then up to the clouds would each fairy fly,
To do all their work up in the sky,
And give, with their brushes so fine and small,
The sunset's flush to the sun's bright hall, —
Piling the gold and purple higher,
Till it looks as if the sky was on fire;
But it pleases the sun as he goes to rest,
In gorgeous colors to wrap his breast;
And the fairies love the sun's light so,
That if it don't storm, they always go,

Digitized by Google

And with purple and gold, and azure and red,
They deck his walls, ere he goes to bed.
Sometimes, if through the thick falling-rain
The sun shows forth his face again,
Each nimble fairy, each tiny sprite
Throws a great bow of glorious light;
One will be crimson, the next one pink,
None more lovely could be, you 'd think,
Till you see the purple rise in view,
Just where the crimson touches the blue;
And then the azure melts into green,
Just as the yellow band is seen,
And over all the beautiful sight
The sun floods the earth with golden light.

Low in the west, like a chandelier,
Rises the moon so bright and clear,
And the stars come forth, as if to view
What the fairies were going to do.
Down in the grass, so soft and green,
A tufted emerald ring is seen;
In the centre a rose they place,
The throne which the fairy queen will grace,
And the rose-leaves seem in love to cling,
Round the bright form of the beautiful thing.
And now the day's work all is done,
The music sounds, and the revel 's begun;

Digitized by Google

Puck and Peas'-blossom onward go,
Down the centre of the row,
Dance and pirouette like mad,
The music makes them all so glad.
And the heather rings each tiny bell,
While the tiger-lily its deep bass swells,
And the bluebell rings its very best,
And so does the harebell with the rest.
Ah! all the music that mortals share
Can't with the flower-bells compare —
If you could hear it, so heavenly sweet,
'T would make you twinkle those little feet,
And before you knew what you were about,
You would have joined the fairy rout.

Sometimes the fairy queen herself
Bestows her hand on some fairy elf,
And treads a slow majestic measure,
O'erwhelming him with pride and pleasure;
Then with a gracious word and smile,
That the slowest mortal would beguile,
She floats again to her stately repose,
In the heart of the glowing crimson rose.

And this is the time that the fairies dance,
When the silvery moon throws her liquid glance,
To light the earth while the sun's away;

Digitized by Google

Beneath the stars they dance and play.
That is the time, my dearest one,
After everything is done,
And when next they dance on the soft green grass
I hope you and I may chance to pass.

Digitized by Google

"NANNIE."

OH, she 's weesome, winsome, canny,
Is our darling, bonnie Nannie,
Lisping voice like singing bird,
Sweeter voice was never heard.
The altar of home's deepest bliss
Is raised for us where Nannie is;
Dearer far to us than any
Is our darling, bonnie Nannie.

In her home mirth's primest mover,
Eyes with laughter running over,
Little feet that never rest,
Little form in ceaseless quest,
Darting here and peeping there,
Ever welcome everywhere;
Dearer far to us than any
Is our *darling, bonnie Nannie.*

Digitized by Google

THE CROCUS.

AWAY down in the deep, dark earth,
A little flower lies sleeping;
She longs for the day of her coming birth,
And lists if the brooks be weeping.

For she dreams, as she lies all folded up,
Of the green grass and the clover,
And she longs to lift her dainty cup,
And look the wide world over; —

To say good-day to the honey-bee,
To nod to the breeze good-morning,
To smile in the face of the old oak-tree,
The first of Spring's bright dawning.

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And so she waits and sleeps and dreams,
  And longs for the grass and clover,
Oh! slow the time to the crocus seems
  Till she looks the wide world over.

Digitized by Google

BABY'S GARDEN.

A LITTLE piece of ground,
Fenced in with bushes green,
And there a tiny mound,
Covered with grass is seen,
And many a violet
And snowdrop lifts its head, —
Our baby's favorites,
They blossom near his head.

For Here *our blossom* lies,
The sweetest, fairest child
That in a mother's eyes
Looked up and smiled.
But our sweet flower drooped,
Transplanted from the skies;
He longed to feel the air,
Blest air of Paradise.

Digitized by Google

And where his little feet
  So oft had strayed,
To pull the violets sweet,
  Our child we laid;
And fragrant violets
  And snowdrops pale
Will guard him till we meet,
  Within the veil.

Digitized by Google

SING, LITTLE BIRDS.

SING, little birds, so sweet and clear,
Your merry-roundelays;
Let my dear babe on waking hear
Your morning songs of praise.

Sing, little birds; peep loud and shrill
From out the leafy trees;
My little one's laugh rings merrier still
Upon the morning breeze.

Sing, little birds, with cooing note,
Robin, swallow, and dove;
My darling from his snow-white throat
Murmurs sweeter sounds of love.

Digitized by Google

Sing, little birds, your joyous songs,
Ring them out loud and free;
The sweetest music of all belongs
To the little one on my knee.

Digitized by Google

A CHILD'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

DEAR mother, I dreamed about Heaven;
I stood at the pearly gate,
I lifted my little hands to knock,
But they did not let me wait.

It slowly swung on its golden hinge,
And I saw two angels stand,
Dressed in the softest, purest white,
One on either hand.

They held two beautiful harps, mother,
Of shining, glittering gold;
Which one played the sweeter
I 'm sure I could not have told.

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And the song they sang was, "Welcome,
  Oh welcome, little child!
Fear not to enter Heaven's gate,
  Washed clean and undefiled."

And so I fearless walked inside;
  And oh! it was lovelier far
Than any garden I ever saw;
  Each flower shone like a star.

And the trees all rustled in music,
  Each leaf sang its little song,
It sounded like the church-organ
  Sweetly solemn and strong.

And I saw a beautiful fountain,
  That fell like rippling light,
Even the beams of the moon, mother,
  Are not so dazzlingly bright.

Around it played little children,
  All looked happy and smiled,
I did not see an angry look
  On the face of any child.

And thus I wandered a long, long time,
  No unkind sound I heard,

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They were gentle and sweet as sweet could be,
And love was in every word.

I spoke to the little children,
And asked if I might stay,
Hearing the beautiful music,
Watching the fountains play.

But they said, "The daylight cometh,
When you must go back to earth,
But if you are good and gentle
And innocent in your mirth,

If you do not strike your playmates
Or say an unkind word,
And never let ugly feelings
Within your heart be stirred,

Some time a beautiful angel,
With wings of snowiest white,
Will bear you up in his powerful arms,
To our dear Lord's garden of light;

And again you will hear the music
And see the angels stand
With golden harps and golden crowns,
One on either hand;

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And here you can stay forever,
  In the garden of our Lord,
And bathe in the life-giving fountains,
  According to His word.

And then I woke right up, mother,
  But I'm going to try and be
All that the little children said,
  So God may send for me.

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